

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XXIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 30 1811

1156

## NORVAL AND JULIA.

### A Scottish Tale.

(Continued)

had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile, when I saw a man stretched on the ground, wrapped in a plaid like that worn by the person of whom I was in pursuit; my heart beat with joy; I hastened towards him; he was dead, his face terribly disfigured by the cold; I procured a wheelbarrow, and conveyed the body in, not doubting but it was his, having procured a friend to assist me in getting the body in, I acquainted you with his story; you, my lord, saw the body, ordered it buried, and I was happy." Having finished his recital, he again cast himself at Malcomb's feet, and entreated for mercy. The furious chief bade him cease his damned whine, ordered the guards to lead him off to execution. Duncan having done every thing necessary to be done on such an occasion, returning to acquaint his lord, when a half-dressed female, rushing from the court into the hall, caught hold of his sash, and throwing her arms round him, impeded his progress; in pity for her tones she besought him to use his influence with their chief, in favor of the condemned man, whose hapless wife she was, and not depriving him of life, render her six innocent children fatherless, and herself a wretched widow. Loosing himself from her, with a violence that stretched her on the ground, he bade her begone, adding with a sneer, "if she was desirous of attending her husband in the nether regions, he did not doubt the fellow who had helped him on his journey would good naturedly give her a lift by some conveyance: he then proceeded to his brother friend, leaving her overwhelmed with despair. Malcomb being informed every thing was in readiness for the intended expedition, headed his men, and met his injured foe. The action commenced—desperate was the combat on both sides; Norval's vassals, animated by example, pressed on the enemy with a never-excelled, perhaps hardly ever equal, breaking through their close embattled ranks. Malcomb called aloud to his confused ranks, and fled through their scattering orders, urging them to stand firm, fighting like a lion in the forest; but he fought in vain for sudden yells of the retreat shook his scorful ranks with horror; yet he distained to fly; his armor was covered with a mantle of blood, and his face purpled over with the gore of the slain. He was on all sides by the foe, desperation placed of reason; he rushed forward, like a lion, amid the thickest of the foe, and the sword of Randolph. Terrible was the fight between them; Randolph wished to have his prisoner according to the commands of Norval; vain were his endeavors, the dread word of Malcomb felled him to the earth; groined in the agonies of death, but the dead with anguish, and numbered his heroic with the illustrious dead—when, lo! a figure

clad in white armour, who (inspired by his wrongs) struck the noblest hearts with dread, rushed furiously among the enemy, and encountering Malcomb, bade him defiance; lifting up part of his vizor, the tyrant turned pale.—"Wretch," cried the unknown, "does not this countenance make thee tremble! Soon shalt thou feel the rapid vengeance of this well-armed arm. My just resentment shall raise a bleeding trophy to revenge the great indignities I have borne." Instantly they flew to the fight.—"Die!" cried the unknown; "die, thou human traitor!" His well-directed sword reached the vitals of the savage Malcomb; he fell; his conqueror was on the point of repeating the blow, when Norval, who at a distance had beheld the combat, remembering the commands of his much-loved Julia, flew to assist the dying wretch, and ordered him to be conveyed to his tent, where he was laid on a couch; he looked at Norval, his countenance bespoke the horrors of his soul; at length he articulated, "Is there a hell? Oh bury me deep!" Thus he lay, groaning out the poor remains of life; his limbs bathed in sweat, his heart struggling with convulsive throes, pains insupportable throbbing in every pulse, and innumerable darts of agony transfixing his conscience. The remaining part of Malcomb's troops perceiving their leader fall, threw down their arms, and entreated for quarter, which was generously granted by Norval. Tranquility being thus restored, he ordered the person, who had sent the wretched soul of Malcomb howling to the dark regions of despair, to be brought before him, in order to give his reasons for disobeying the commands Norval had issued not to kill Malcomb, but to take him prisoner. Vain the search, he was not among the vassals of Norval; and they informed him he had entered the field only a short time previous to his striking the fatal blow, and seemingly well satisfied with his revenge, he had precipitately quitted the sanguine spot, leaving no clue by which his footsteps might be traced. This was a mystery time only could elucidate. Norval ordered the body of Malcomb to be conveyed to this castle, there to receive all the honors due to his high birth and rank in life. Having wept over the pale bloody corpse of the gallant Randolph, and seen the wounded properly attended, giving at the same time orders for the burial of the slain, he prepared to depart. Having composed his agitated spirits, he turned his back upon the sad, sad scene, and proceeded at the head of his army to the castle of Malcomb, with the delightful prospect of soon embracing his beloved mother, should she still live. About sunset he reached its confines, and having encamped the principal part of his forces before it for the night, he sent two heralds to announce his victory, and the death of Malcomb; upon which the gates were opened, and he entered, attended by his officers and great men, preceded by the bier on which the once haughty owner was laid. It was set down in the great hall that the vassals might take a last view of the body of their lord, ere it was consigned to the dark cold grave. Not one tear fell to his memory; on the contrary, they pressed forward with a kind of joyous emotion; but

no one's grief appeared so remarkable as that of a poor haggard female, attended by six children; in her face the cruel ravages of misery and sickness were but too visible. She bade them clasp their little hands for joy, that the murderer of their father was no more. Norval viewed the scene with astonishment, and calling the woman to him, desired to know the reason of such marked disrespect? The poor creature, terrified, fell at his feet, and informed him she was the wretched widow of the poor man whose days were cut short when the discovery was made of his prisoner's escape, and that ever since she had been houseless, wanting even the common necessities of life. Norval, while a tear of commiseration stole down his cheek for the misfortunes of which he had innocently been the cause, raised the half-famished mourner from her suppliant posture, bade her fear nothing; telling her he would do every thing in his power to make her happy. He then embraced the children, promising to be a parent to them while he lived; then dismissed the poor woman, who almost frantic with joy, begged of Heaven to bless him for his goodness to her fatherless babes. Having thus satisfied the claims of gratitude, he flew on the wings of affection to unbar the prison in which his aged parent was confined. Oh! what language can express the transporting feelings of a mother, on beholding an only son whom she had long thought laid in the silent tomb, and to behold in him her deliverer! with rapture she clasped him in her widowed arms, embraced and blessed her long lost, much lamented child. The first effusions of joy over, Norval resisted every thing which had happened since their parting, dwelling particularly on the beauty and amiable disposition of Julia. Lady Duncomb soon found by his discourse, that the lovely unfortunate had made no small impression on his excellent heart. She approved his choice, and consented to his wishes. Having ended his narrative, he left her to repose her feeble frame. He gave orders to the baron to depart immediately with a carriage and servants for Lady Malcomb and her daughter, charging him as he valued his happiness to convey them back with all speed to the castle. Accordingly every thing was got ready with all imaginable dispatch, and in less than two hours the baron commenced his journey to the cottage. In the meantime the fair inmates of the humble cot had suffered great anxiety on Norval's account. Lady Malcomb regarded him as her deliverer—her son, in whose protecting arms her daughter would find felicity. The lovely Julia almost adored him for his goodness to her tender mother, and hourly offered up prayers to Heaven for his safety. Possessed of all the finer feelings of the soul, the only man except her father she had ever beheld during her seclusion from the world; that man young, handsome, and amiable, endeavoring by every gentle assiduity to gain her affections; is it then to be wondered at, that gratitude in so young, so susceptible a heart should give way to a softer passion for the person who, in restoring her dear parent and self to light, had bestowed on them the inexpressible felicity of viewing the various and sublime works of the

Omnipotent? or if she gave up her whole soul with enthusiasm to the delicious pleasure of loving and being beloved? Nothing more occurred during the baron's journey. The weather was fine, the roads even, and about sun set he reached the confines of the forest, he alighted from the carriage, and attended by one servant, entered the narrow winding path which led directly to the humble dwelling; he quickly gained the door, lifted up the latch, and entered. The frugal board was spread in the little parlour, if such it could be called, and the peasant and his wife with their guests were seated round it, earnestly conversing.

*To be continued.*

## VARIETY.

*From the Philadelphia Repertory.*

### ANECDOTIANA.

#### HUMAN NATURE.

Lo this only have I found that God made man upright but they have sought out many inventions.  
SOLOMON.

Xenophon, in his *Cyropædia*, informs us that a young nobleman of Media having yielded to a temptation which he was confident he had sufficient fortitude to withstand, confessed his weakness to Cyrus, and told him that he found he had two souls; that one which inclined him to do well had always the superiority when in his prince's presence—but that the other which led him to do ill, generally got the better out of his sight. Any one who thinks himself innocent or attaches no weakness to his character, does not know himself.

A person was once talking to Dr. Cheyne, a Scotchman, about the excellence of human nature—"Hoot, hoot mon," (replied he) "human nature is a rogue and a scoundrel, or it would not always want laws and religion for its government."

## PROFANITY.

Louis IX actually checked a priest, who having prayed for the health of his body, was proceeding to implore mercy for his future welfare. "Hold, hold," (cried Louis) "you have gone far enough for once. Never be tire-some in your addresses to God Almighty, stop now and pray for my soul some other time!"

A man in France once said "let God give me all the good things of Paris, secure me from the monster death, and he may keep his heaven to himself and welcome!" O thou lover of sensual gratification, amid all thy revelry the thoughts of the monster death, of an unseen eternity would intrude! but if the thought had power to shock thee, how will the reality overwhelm thee! think of it and be wise.

An Italian having his enemy in his power, told him there was no way to save his life but by denying and renouncing his Saviour. The timorous wretch, in hopes of mercy did so, when the other immediately stabbed him to the heart, saying—"I have now full and noble revenge, for I have killed at once both soul and body." Dark and inscrutable are the ways of Providence, but into thy hand O God, we commit the government of the universe thou hast formed, convinced that thy wisdom cannot err.

The sensibility of the mind is never more offended than when it is malignantly misrepresented or unfeelingly misunderstood.

A modest man never asks a favor but with reluctance and diffidence—the man of assurance claims it as a right, and treats the refusal as an insult.

There is too much evasion pervading the intercourse of human society to encourage the free indulgence of genuine confidence—it has often been remarked that men of merit are shy and reserved.

## FOR THE NEW YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

### THE

#### Child at the grave of his Mother.

Awake! my mother!  
The ground is cold, the wind is bleak,  
And rushes wildly o'er thy head,  
And blows against thy cheek.

Awake! my mother!  
Stay no longer sleeping there;  
A dismal place and dark is this,  
And all around is drear.

Thine head was drooping  
When so pale I saw thee last,  
And wilt thy drooping head repose,  
Lulled by the passing blast?

A better pillow  
Lately gave thee sweeter rest,  
And when soft slumber stole thy woe,  
Thy bosom was my nest.

And thou wast sleeping  
When I fondly smiled on thee,  
And kissed thy lips so wan and cold,  
That would not speak to me.

Oh! wake my mother!  
Gloomy strangers bid thee here—  
The weeds 'tis all thy bed,  
The hemlock rangles near.

But thou art silent,  
Though I wander here alone,  
And gently bid thee come away,  
And give the winds my groan.

The shrieking night-bird  
Flits around this ugly tree,  
And fain would scare one from the place,  
But I will stay with thee.

The pale star shining,  
Waits to light thee to thine home—  
Its beams are sad—thy darling call,  
And wilt thou never come?

Then—suff'ring anguish  
Let me close my wearied eyes;  
And nestling in the grass I sleep  
For here my mother lies!

### SIR EGLAMORE.

The following is selected from a recently published, and very popular musical Fable, entitled "Sir Egmore," written by I. Pocock, Esq. and performed on the London stage with uncommon success and reputation.  
*Boston Gazette*

#### SONG.

"Beneath a tower a pilgrim strayed,  
Where sighed forlorn a lovely maid,  
Her eye was wet her cheek was pale,  
Her hair waved wildly in the gale,  
And still she cried,  
(Ah! hapless bride.)  
"Oh! brave Sir Egmore."

He bowed then to the lady low,  
"Sweet maid what makes thy tears to flow?"  
"Oh, Pilgrim, on the battle plain,  
My Lord—my own true knight was slain,  
And still I've sighed,  
(Ah! hapless bride.)  
"Oh! brave Sir Egmore."

The Pilgrim threw aside his vest,  
He clasped the maiden to his breast;  
"My love, thou still art true to me,  
And I still live for love and thee!"  
The vassals sung,  
The castle rung,  
"Oh! brave Sir Egmore."

## ANECDOTE.

The following pious fraud lately occurred at the opening of a new Methodistical Meeting at Belbar, near Enfield, in England: A person apparently a gentleman, passing by on horseback, and seeing a great number of people waiting at the doors, after inquiring the cause, and understanding that it was the day appointed for the opening of the same, by a minister from London, and that a collection was to be made, &c. waited until after the service began when alighting from his horse, he went in, and joining in the service, in a short time pulled out a purse, and putting a guinea into his hat, went round the congregation, who, influenced by this example contributed very liberally. Though this conduct in a stranger was rather unaccountable, it passed off very well with the Minister, who imputed his zeal to a sudden conversion of the subject, and collections in the middle of the service are common in conventicles. Notwithstanding this the surprise of the whole congregation was inexpressible, when instead of going to the vestry, they saw the new convert making towards the door: the minister and others called upon him to stop and deliver up the charge, which he refused saying, "My brethren freely have ye given and freely have I received;" and instantly remounting his horse, which was an exceeding good one, he left the saints to expatiate on the damnable nature of apostasy.

A Butcher who had purchased a calf sat with it on a horse at a public house door; on which a shoemaker remarkable for his drollery, observing and knowing that the butcher had to pass through a wood, offered to the landlord to steal the calf, provided he would treat him with sixpenny worth of grog. The landlord agreed, and the shoemaker set off and dropped one new shoe in the path near the middle of the wood and another near a quarter of a mile from it.

The butcher, saw the shoe, but did not think it worth getting down for; however, when he discovered the second, he thought the pair would be an acquisition, and accordingly dismounted, tied his horse to a hedge, and walked back where he had seen the first shoe. The shoemaker in the mean time unstrapped the calf and carried it across the fields to the landlord who put it in his barn.

The butcher missing his calf, went back to the inn and told his misfortune, at the same time observing that he must have another calf cost what it would, as the veal was bespoken. The landlord told him he had a calf in his barn, which he would sell him—the butcher looked at it and asked the price. The landlord replied, give me the same as you did for the calf you lost as I think it full as large. The butcher would by no means allow the calf to be so good, but agreed to give him within six shillings of what the other cost and accordingly put the calf a second time on his horse. Crispin elated with success, undertook to steal the calf again for sixpenny worth, which being agreed on, he posted to the woods and hid himself; when observing the butcher come along, he bellowed like a calf, that the butcher conceiving it to be the one he had lost, cried out in joy "Ah! a you there have I found you at last!" and immediately dismounted and ran into the woods. Crispin taking advantage of the butcher's absence, unstrapped the calf and actually got back with it to the tavern, before the butcher arrived to tell his mournful tale, who attributed the whole to witchcraft. The tavernkeeper unravelled the mystery, and the butcher, after paying for and partaking of a crown's worth of punch, laughed heartily at the joke, and the shoemaker got greatly applauded for his ingenuity.

## ADVISE TO THE FAIR SEX.

The committee of health, says the *Gazette* of the city of Paris, having inquired into the cause why tooth and jaw aches, were more common to the male than to the female sex, has finally discovered, that this excessive disproportion originated from wearing gilt copper, or bad gold earrings, that perspiration produced veridigress, which entered the sympathetic parts of the blood, occasioned violent pains that resisted common remedies.

After this important discovery, the officers of health ordered their patients afflicted with the above complaints to relinquish their bad ear rings, and sub-



... of good gold and they had the satisfaction of seeing them recover without the aid of other means. Complaints have been propagated for a long time in the United States of America, we believe, that their origin derives from the like cause, and for this reason we give this advice, that the fair sex profit by it.

## Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 30, 1811.

body of a man, whose name appears to be Joshua Danal or Robert Danough, was taken up afloat in the river Ohio. Upon it were 12,000 dollars in counterfeit bank bills and on him.

... from an officer in the United States Army, New Orleans, Jan. 12, says, "The ill-treatment of the slaves is said to be the cause of the rising. Americans, who have negroes, are no fear; they are well treated, and masters boast that they could sleep in the same room with them and be perfectly safe. But the negroes allow a negro but a peck of corn for his room by the French. I plead with the French to leave to lie on the platform, under the roof of a house, to keep the dew off. But refused. They are unfriendly and inhuman."

### BURNING TO DEATH.

late shocking instances of females having burnt to death, renders the knowledge of a very lately published by Sir Richard Phillips in the Monthly Magazine for their total destruction, of the highest consequence. He deduces from the principle of the extension of fire, that they ought to lie down as soon as they discover their clothes on fire; that the progress of the flames will by that mean be instantly checked, and may be easily and deliberately extinguished without any fatal injury, as usual to the face, bosom and throat. He proves his principle by the following experiments—he took a piece of printed cotton, a yard long, and on one of them at the lower end, and held it perpendicularly, it was consumed to a cinch in the fifth of a minute, and the volume of smoke was so great as to rise nearly two feet—then he lighted an exactly similar piece of cotton, and laid it horizontally on a pair of tongs, so as to lie hollow, and in this situation it was consumed in five minutes, and the flames at no time exceeded an inch in height, and might have been quenched by the thumb and finger. This is a very easy experiment ought to be read in the presence of the females of every family.

### SINGULAR EXPEDIENT.

... Letters from Canada in the following account of the method by which travellers crossing the Champlain on the ice, extricate themselves when their horses break through.

... is very common for sleighs, horses and men to fall through the ice, where the water is some feet deep; and you have no warning of danger till the horses drop in, pulling the driver after them; luckily the weak places are to a great extent; you extricate yourself from the sleigh as quickly as possible, and you find it generally strong enough to support you,

though it would not bear the weight of the horses. You instantly lend your aid in pulling out the horses, and in endeavoring to save them, which is done in a manner perfectly unique, and which will require the greatest stretch of your faith in my veracity to believe—the horses are strangled to save their lives.

When the horses fall through the ice (there are almost always two in an American sleigh) the struggles and exertions they make serve only to injure and sink them; for that they should get out of themselves, is from the nature of things perfectly impossible. When horses go on the Lake, they always have round their neck a rope with a running noose. I observed that our horses had each of them such a rope; and on inquiry, found out for what purpose it was intended. The moment the ice breaks, and the horses sink into the water, the driver and those in the sleigh get out, and catching hold of the ropes, pull them with all their force, which in a very few seconds strangles the horses; and no sooner does this happen than they rise in the water, float on one side, are drawn out on strong ice, the noose of the rope is loosened, and respiration recommences; in a few minutes the horses are on their feet, as much alive as ever. This operation has been known to be performed two or three times a day on the same horses; for when the spring advances the weak places in the lake become very numerous; and the people who e business leads them often on it, frequently meet with accidents. They tell you that horses which are often on the Lake, "get so accustomed to being hanged, that they think nothing at all of it."

### SINGULAR RACE.

A curious race was run some time since, from Battersea bridge along the King's road to the turnpike gate, Grosvenor place. A young gentleman, unable to choose between two highly accomplished ladies (sisters) proposed a horse race, each of the ladies, in turn, was to ride foremost, with the common lover mounted behind her, and it was agreed, that which ever of the ladies rode the above distance and back again (being five miles) in the shortest time, was to receive his hand. The eldest sister started from Battersea bridge in a fine style, with her squire mounted behind her, precisely at half past seven o'clock in the evening, and returned to the same place, after reaching Grosvenor place turnpike gate in fifty minutes. The second, similarly equipped, and determined to gain the prize—mounted the fleet steed with great agility, and performed the same journey in a little more than forty minutes. She, of course, was declared the winner. Lon. paper.

### ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

STOLEN out of the Library of the Subscriber on Tuesday evening, an old Trunk with a brown cover containing about two thousand seven hundred dollars in bank notes, and sundry papers of consequence to the subscriber and perhaps to the public. Amongst the notes were one of the Bank of North America, one of the Maryland Bank, and one of the Bank of the U. States, of one hundred dollars each, which had been cut in two and afterwards pasted together. The above reward will be given to whoever will return the said trunk and its contents, or give such information as may lead to the conviction of the felon, and a suitable reward will be given for the recovery of the papers only.

D. FRASER, 178 William Street.

### WANTED.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business. Apply at this Office.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

### MARRIED.

On Friday evening 22<sup>nd</sup> inst. by the Rev Mr Moore Mr Michael Baxter to Miss Ann Smith both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Capt. John Mansfield to Miss Maria Reeder, fourth daughter of the widow Julianna Reeder, all of this city.

May this MAN'S virtue prove In flowers of joy, and fruits of love.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr McNeill, Mr. Thomas Wilson to Miss Catharine Bintl, all of this city.

At Lancaster (Penn.) on Thursday 21<sup>st</sup> inst Mr Richard Suydam, of the firm of David J Boyd & Co of this city, to Miss Rachel Eliza Henderson of the former place.

At Rye (West Chester county) on Saturday evening last by the Rev N Finch, Samuel Brower of this city, to Miss Charlotte De Wolf, daughter of Capt Jehiel De Wolf of Rye.

At Newark on Tuesday evening last, Mr James Neilson of New Brunswick, to Miss Rivina Forman daughter of the late General Forman.

At Danbury (Conn) on Tuesday 19<sup>th</sup> inst Mr John L. Moffat of this city, to Miss Hannah Curtis of the former place.

In St Mar's (Jamaica) on the 27<sup>th</sup> January last, Lawrence Reade Stephens, Esq late of this city, to Mrs Catharine Nagle of the former place.

## MORTALITY.

### DIED.

On Thursday morning of a lingering illness, Mr John Rutsier

## CHEAP SHOE STORE,



At No 91 Broadway,

Opposite Trinity Church

The following assortment of Ladies Shoes, selling off at the most reduced prices:

A large and elegant supply of the new fashioned Shoes to buckle, double and single soles. Likewise London dress slippers to buckle, the latest fashion from Europe. Grecian Sandals, and all the different kinds of Lace Shoes now worn. Slippers, Boots & Lace Boots. Misses and Childrens Shoes of all the above fashions, being all made of the best materials and the latest importations.

### MATERIALS.

Kid & Morocco, dressed and undressed, satin, silk, velvet, jane, shammy, nankeen, &c. of all the most favourite colours now worn in Europe and America.

A large and elegant assortment of the newest fashioned silver and plated buckles, of the most favourite patterns, sold lower than they can now be imported.

A constant supply of the above articles may be had by applying at the above number.

HIRAM GARDNER.

### TAKE NOTICE.

It will be well worth the attention of the Ladies of this city, and elsewhere, to apply as above, not only on account of the cheapness but the superior quality of the materials with which the articles are manufactured.

March 30

1155-11

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### NOT COLLINS' ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

When Peggy, little slut, was young,  
When in her father's hut she sung,  
The beaux delighted with the sound,  
Ev'ry ev'ning gather'd round,  
Romp'ing, tearing, squalling, bawling,  
Kicking, cuffing, hauling, mauling;  
Till once 'tis said, when all were fir'd  
With brandy, gin twist, sling inspir'd,  
They snatch'd from all the neighbouring hovels,  
Fiddles, warming pans and shovels—  
And as they all had head apart,  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each, for madness rul'd the hour,  
Would prove his own inventive power.  
First Jon'han, among the best,  
His hand upon the fiddle laid—  
But back recoil'd with all the rest,  
To hear the discord he had made.  
Next Toby rush'd, a high strung blade,  
But fill'd with Envy's secret stings;  
'Twas thought so very hard he play'd,  
He'd wear out fiddle bow and strings.  
With woeful phiz sat Pelatish,  
To him no pleasing sound belongs,  
He drew his chair towards the fire,  
And now the shovel struck and now the tongs,  
But thou O Jot with ruddy nose,  
What was thy delighted measure,  
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,  
And bade the blooming girls the dance begin—  
And when a favorite reel he chose,  
A cry of 'keep it up' was heard at every close,  
And Jot inclin'd his head and gave a ghastly grin,  
And longer had he play'd, but with a frown  
Nathan impatient rose—  
He threw his mighty fist in thunder down,  
And with a withering look  
A rusty fish horn down he took,  
And blew a blast so loud and clear,  
A second had proved fatal to the ear,  
And ever and anon he beat  
An iron pot with furious heat—  
And thought, sometimes each dreary pause between,  
The little after at his knee  
Play'd 'dear what can the matter be?'  
Yet still he drum'd as though he meant  
To rouse at least a regiment—  
So great so mighty an alarm  
That had an army come 'twould scare'm.  
The mind of Ichabod to nought was fix'd,  
Alas how worried he must feel;  
Of different times the varying tune was mix'd,  
He now a hornpipe lov'd, now raving cried a reel,  
So snugly in remotest corner,  
With eyes uprais'd sat Jemmy Horner,  
Whose frequent jingling of a bell  
Though distant, yet was horrible.  
Milk pans, stew pans, sauce pans round,  
Tin pots, tunnels join'd the sound—  
Through porch and entry found its way,  
And then in hollow murmurs died away.  
Then came Job's extatic trial,  
But soon he shun'd the offer'd viol,  
Though on the whole he didn't know  
But he could sing a psalm or so:  
Last of all see Tom advancing,  
Now's the proper time for dancing.  
The moment he began the tune  
All was shuffle rigadoon,  
Fluttering, back step, in the middle,  
Turn your partner, mind the fiddle—  
Keep it up was heard around,  
Keep it up the walls resound.

## HEALTH.

Though life itself's not worth a thought,  
Yet while I live, could life be bought,  
Whate'er brib'd senators receive,  
Or back again in taxes give,  
Did I possess it, I'd resign,  
To make this richer treasure mine.

## EDWARD ROCKWELL,

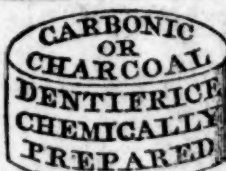
No. 200 Broadway.

Respectfully informs his friends and customers that he makes and has for sale a large assortment of fashionable gold Ear-rings some plain, fine gold pearl and filigree some with cornelian and pearl, Topaz & pearl with hair do. drops do. with cornelian, topaz and pearl of the newest patterns a large assortment of pearl and plain breast pins brooches bracelets and necklaces pearl and plain Finger Rings, Miniature Settings, lockets, watch chains, keys and seals elegant silver tea sets, soup ladles, table desert and tea spoons sugar tongs salt spoons silver snuff boxes, thimbles, coral and bells and pencil cases.

He has also fashionable plated silver gadroon edge candlesticks and branches, brackets and chamber candlesticks, do snuffers and trays with silver gadroons and shells liquor frames, bread baskets with silver gadroon and shells, fruit baskets ditto cruet and soy frames, cruet frames with rich cut glass of 6, 7 and 8 bottles, with silver gadroon shells and feet, bottle stands, soup ladles, low priced candlesticks and castors.

Morocco pocket books, snuff boxes, tortoise shell, pearl and tutania segar boxes, silver, gilt, plated and steel spectacles pen and sportsman's knives razors, and cases, scissors tooth brushes, shuttles, bodkins hooks and eyes, cornelian coral amber, pearl and gilt beads, table knives and forks Steel and Carver's Britania tea pots, tortoise shell and ivory combs and a variety of articles appropriate to his line of business which are too numerous to mention which he will sell at the lowest prices.

Feb 23



### JUST RECEIVED

A large and elegant assortment of Neplus ultra razors, with three blade, also, insignum bonum and refined steel of a fine quality 1 gentlemen's portable shaving cases, and ladies and gentlemen's japanned dressing Cases of different sizes for sale by Nathan Smith Chymical Perfumer from London, at the Golden Rose No 150 Broadway corner of Liberty Street.

Also the following articles as usual with many other too numerous to mention Rose oil Antique for curling glossing thickening and preserving the hair and preventing its turning—chymical cosmetic wash balls his fine cosmetic cold cream clears and prevents the skin from chapping, odour of roses for smelling bottles Smiths improved chymical milk of roses Smiths pomane de Grasse for thickening the hair, violet soap Smiths tooth paste warranted his superfine white hair powder violet rose 3s 6d Smiths royal paste for washing the skin Smiths highly improved hard and soft pomatum Smiths balsamic lip salve roses Smiths lotion for the teeth his purified a pine shaving cake, made on chymical principle to help the operation of shaving Smiths celebrated corn plaster elastic worsted and cotton Garters, salt of lemon for taking out iron molds ladies and gentlemen's pocket books the best warranted concave razors elastic razor strops shaving boxes Penknives scissors tortoise shell ivory and horn combs smelling bottles &c Green allowances to those who buy to sell again Tooth Powder and opiate black pins tooth and cloth brushes vegetable rouge and pearl cosmetic lavender cologne honey hungary rose jessamin Eau de miel and eau dave water shaving powder—court plaster, &c.

Merchants supplied wholesale for exportation.

### New Novels &c. for sale at the Office

Scottish Chiefs  
Dominican  
Celebs in search of a Wife  
Adeline Mowbray  
Bravo of Venice  
Leonora  
Ella Rosenburgh  
Soldiers Love and Sailors Friendship  
Sarscen 2 vol.  
Modern Ship of Fools, &c.

ALSO

Just received a neat pocket Edition of Youngs Night Thoughts price 75 cents.

## SALES AT AUCTION

By ROBERT M'MENNON  
No. 120 Water street.

This evening at half past 6 o'clock, a Valuable collection of Books, of Law, Divinity, History &c. Novels &c

N. B. There will be Sales of Books on every Saturday Evening, through the season Catalogues on the day of sale.

### Monday April 1.

1 o'clock at the F. C. H. a valuable farm Long Island, beautifully situated on the river, opposite Blackwell's Island, about 5 miles from the city, containing about 100 acres great proportion of which is well timbered with locust, chestnut, &c. It produces annually about 30 tons of hay. There are on the premises a good substantial house, barn, and other outbuildings, a stone dock, stone quarry, &c. a large quantity of fruit of the best kind, and 24 large beds—a further description is not necessary. Any person who wishes to purchase, view the farm by applying to Joseph Totten the premises.

### Wednesday, April 3.

At 11 o'clock at the corner of Gold and streets, a quantity of household and kitchen furniture.

### PRIVATE SALE.

Two Show Windows, to be seen at Taylor Hindale's, corner of Broadway and Liberty Street.

14 years lease of Lot No. 395 Broadway, the house and shop thereon, each 25 by 36, two stories high; the second floor of the house in front, has two fire places, rooms, 1 bed room and pan ry, and 2 bed rooms in the garret; every convenience for the cooking making business or could be made a good store with little expense. For further particulars enquire at Chamber street, opposite the Arms house, or the auction room.

### NEW AND INCREASING CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

#### CHARLES N. BALDWIN,

Having opened a Circulating Library at 2 Chatham Square, adjoining the New York House; so it is the assistance of the Ladies Gentlemen of this city, hoping to give satisfaction by procuring every new work as soon as published.

The collection at present contains near thousand volumes, in almost every class of literature, which tends "to raise the genius and mend the heart," and may be had on the following moderate terms.

Per Annum	dols, 5 00
Per Six Months	3 00
Per Quarter	2 00
Per Month	75
Per single volume (octavo)	12
Per do (duodecimo)	6
Payable half in advance.	

N. B. On the 1st of May next, the Library will be removed to No. 106 Chatham street, opposite Roosevelt street.

### NEW-YORK,

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